N°. VIII. SATURDAY, FEB. 26, 1803.

POLITICS.

NO transactions dependent on British jurisprudence were ever more calculated to fix the attention and gain the respect of foreigners, than those which occcurred on Monday last. Vindictive justice doomed to death seven traitors, for a conspiracy, clearly proved, to assassinate a beloved and virtuous monarch, in his own capital, and to throw the whole kingdom into that state of confusion which must result from such an event, combined with the seizure of property, the demolition of law, and the suppression of intelligence. The course of proof, and the verdict of the jury, left no doubt of the guilt of the parties; yet humane sympathy attended the last moments of the sufferers; their crime was universally execrated, but their passage to the place of execution was not embittered, as was formerly the case in Paris, by the taunts of hireling ruffians, or the abusive screams of salaried furies, in the shape of women; they

were not refused the consolation of religion, according to the forms preferred by their own consciences, and their remains were not thrown promiscuously into unhallowed earth, but delivered to their friends, to receive the decencies of Christian funeral.

On the same day, a cause of some expectation came on to be tried in the Court of King's Bench: it was an information filed by the Attorney General, against M. Peltier, for a libel on the First Consul of France. The ground taken by the Attorney General, and which seemed to form the Chief foundation for the verdict of the Jury was, that M. Peltier's publication contained direct incitements to the assassination of Bonaparte, whom the learned advocate treated as a sovereign *de facto*, and frequently styled the people of France his *subjects*. An appeal to the honest horror of Englishmen against such an incitement, could hardly fail of producing its effect. Mr. Macintosh, who was counsel for the defendant, attempted, with great ability, to disprove the application of the libellous writings, to extenuate their alleged import, and to rescue the liberty of the only free press in Europe from the disgrace which must attach to it from the conviction of his Client. But still the dread of seeming to concur in a wish for assassination influenced the Jury: a

tribute, which Bonaparte could not have claimed from any circumstance in his personal character, or from any act of his official minions since the peace, was paid to the purity of the British character for humanity and justice; a character to be preserved not only free from guilt, but above suspicion. The verdict pronounced against M. Peltier must, however, be considered purely as a homage to the British administration of justice, and not in the least as conveying a reflection on the morals of the defendant: his language is warm, because his wrongs are outrageous; he appeals to the example of the Romans, because he considers his country more enslaved than Rome in her worst days; he beholds an individual seated in the palace of his lawful, murdered sovereign; and even if his expressions should bear the construction affixed on them, it can only be said, that in his anxiety for retribution, he oversteps the bounds of prudence.

LINES

Written by a Traveller, on the Walls of the Allambra, the ancient Moorish Palace, at Grenada.

When these fam'd walls did Pagan rites admit
Here reign'd unrivall'd *Science*, *Taste*, and *Wit*.
Spain's bigots came, the Prophet's flag assail'd,
And rear'd true worship where the false prevail'd;
And such the zeal these furious zealots bore,
Taste, *Wit*, and *Science* perish'd with the Moor.

JUVENILE SORROW.

As I wander'd one morn, thro' yon wood-cover'd valley,
To pluck the wild thyme, and the blossoms of May;
I look'd round in vain for my sweet little Sally,
Whose prattle would sometimes enliven the way.

At length on a stile, by a walnut-tree shaded,
I found her in tears—a dead bird in her lap—
The joy of her once smiling face was now faded,
While she throbbing related her cruel mishap.

"Alas!" she exclaim'd, "see my little tame robin;
"The naughty cat kill'd it!"—and then she caress'd
And kiss'd the poor victim, and tenderly sobbing,
Let fall a few tears on its blood-sprinkled breast.

I sigh'd, as I said to myself, 'tis with reason,
That sages declare all is sorrow below;
For even in childhood's delightfulest season,
How quickly is pleasure succeeded by woe!

THE ESSAYIST.

If amongst the numerous writers of the present day there does not appear in any one that pre-eminence of genius which marks some of the most distinguished poets of the past time, it should be observed that our contemporaries are planted in a much more literary and enlightened age than their predecessors were, and of course have not the advantages of contrast which they had.

I conceive the mass of talents is become

infinitely greater than ever, though the portions, being more equalized, do not in particular instances appear so conspicuous.

Shakespeare did not think it worth his while to be correct. Jonson would not condescend to be civil to his audience: he seems to have bullied the public of his time into a preference for his pedantic muse over that of Shakespeare, whose superiority has only been established within a period, which does not reach far up into the late century. Beaumont and Fletcher possessed the stage to his exclusion, and Massinger has had his share of popularity. In Shadwell's day, Jonson was still the model of dramatic writing; these poets now keep but a feeble hold of the stage, and Shakespeare reigns without a rival. The Comedies of Vanbrugh, Farquhar, Cibber, Congreve, Steele, and some few others of their date, are still in favour; and, being nearer to our time, are more adapted to our manners.

The admirers of these dramatists draw comparisons between them and our contemporaries, more decidedly in disfavour of the latter, than, upon a stricter view would probably be found just; for, in estimating the rate of modern merit, a selection should be made of those modern dramas only, which are considered in the phraseology of the stage, as *stock-plays*.

It is only since the death of Garrick, that the two Royal Theatres, having been rebuilt and enlarged at an enormous expence, have found it their interest to attract spectators by a splendid display of scenery, by all the most captivating allurements of music, and by an unremitted show of novelty and variety. Of course, twenty pens must have been employed to satisfy the demands of a season, for which two would have sufficed a while ago. If all the purveyors of our scenic entertainments now in requisition were to draw upon the bank of nature, it should seem as if her resources, great as they are, could hardly stand the run. The fact is, they have spared her, and found means to make their payments to the public in coin of baser metal, which luckily for them, through the address of their factors the performers, has obtained circulation.

Now to compare the providers of these ephemeral recreations, with the antecedent writers of legitimate composition, and from that to draw conclusions at large against our contemporaries, would be unfair; for if the taste and fashion of the times are such, that these frivolities shall be suffered to possess the stage, it only proves that fine spectacles, which can catch the eye, are naturally more in request than good sense, which cannot reach the ear.

These gentlemen, whose writings *elude* criticism, are entitled to their quietus: the scenists and machinists are their patrons, and the treasurer their Apollo. They cannot properly be called dramatic poets, and I dare say they are not ambitious of the title: it is enough that they have driven them from the stage; but it would be too much, if a taste for bad writing was turned into a charge against those whom bad writers have put to silence. If the public taste is to be reformed it must be done by the public. It is not to be expected, that the proprietors should undertake it at the risk of empty benches.

Our diurnal critics may certainly do something towards the reform in question; and they have lately taken up a language in their strictures, that gives symptoms at least of a disposition on their part to lend their help to the work. But so long as the great strength of the two royal companies is composed of performers, whose inimitable powers of farcical grimace have such command over the muscles of their judges, that they can not only throw the whole court, but the bench itself, into a roar of laughter, it will be long before a chaster taste shall be adopted, and buffoonery give place to nature.

Good critics may do much, but the worst cannot err more widely than one of

the best has done, in his remark upon a passage in *The Mourning Bride* of Congreve.

"If I were required," says Dr. Samuel Johnson, "to select from the whole mass of English poetry the most poetical paragraph, I know not what I could prefer to an exclamation in *The Mourning Bride.*"

This is surely a strong opinion, and given out with an air of high authority in the critic's strongest manner.—Now let us hear what follows:—

ALMERIA.

"It was a fancy'd noise; for all is hush'd."

With submission to Almeria, I can conceive it possible that a noise might actually have been heard, though all was hush'd after it had ceased.

LEONORA.

"It bore the accent of a human voice."

If Leonora was founded in her observation upon the *accent of a voice*, it does not help Almeria in her conclusion, that no sound was heard only because silence ensued. But Almeria set her right.—

ALMERIA.

"It was thy fear, or else some transient wind
Whistling thro' hollows of this vaulted aisle:—
We'll listen."

Almeria now seems to admit the possibility of a real noise, but still opposes her friend's suggestion of the accent of a *human voice*,

very naturally supposing that *some wind* (especially if it was *transient*, as most winds are) might *whistle thro'* some *hollows* in the *vaulted aisle*: and then agrees to listen.

LEONORA.

"Hush!"

ALMERIA.

"No, all is hush'd, and still as death.—'Tis dreadful!"

Leonora again seems to hear something, whilst Almeria contends that *all is hush'd*, and immediately exclaims, *'Tis dreadful.* From which we may collect, that one of these ladies heard a noise, and that the other dreaded silence. Under these apprehensions Almeria proceeds to make her remarks upon the place they were in, as follows—

"How reverend is the face of this tall pile;
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads,
To bear aloft its arch'd and pondrous roof,
By its own weight made steadfast and immoveable,
Looking tranquillity!"—

If the *weight* of this *ponderous roof*, according to Almeria's notion of it, made it *stedfast* and *immoveable*, it should seem that the *ancient pillars* had a sinecure office, and *reared their marble heads* for some other purpose than supporting it. And so indeed it should seem; for Almeria remarks, that it *look'd tranquillity*; by which phrase if she meant to say, that it inspired *tranquillity*,

she changes her mind very suddenly, for she immediately proceeds—

> " Looking tranquillity—It strikes an awe
> And terror on my aching sight."

In other words is a most terrifying *tranquillity.*

> ——— " The tombs
> And monumental caves of death look cold,
> And shoot a chillness to my trembling heart."

Poor Almeria, who has been *stricken with awe and terror* by the *tranquil* looks of the roof, now finds herself *chilled* by the *cold looks* of the *tombs and monumental caves of death*, which latter, unless they were *caves* above ground, I don't quite understand how she could see. In this dilemma, however, she applies to her friend, and says—

> " Give me thy hand, and let me hear thy voice ;
> Nay quickly speak to me, and let me hear
> Thy voice—my own affrights me with its echoes."

This repeated application to her friend to speak argues great uneasiness, and that uneasiness she describes to arise from the frightful *echo of her own voice*; how natural therefore, for Almeria to desire Leonora to speak instead of herself, whose voice we must conclude was such as no *echo* could lay hold of!

Is this *the most poetic paragraph* that our ingenious critic *could select from the whole mass of English poetry?*

PUBLIUS SYRUS.

SONG TO HOPE.

Come, Hope, thou little cheating sprite,
And let us set this quarrel right;
Come thou to me,
Or I to thee,
No matter, so we but agree.

You told me Phillis would be true,
I trusted her, I trusted you;
She prov'd a jade,
I was betray'd,
And this was one sly trick you play'd.

You promis'd me to launch a dart
At Parthenissa's stubborn heart;
You swore t'would hit;
The deuce-a-bit;
It miss'd—you told a second tit.

You said, base imp, that I should find
Belinda best of woman kind;
The knot was ty'd,
She was my bride;
She was my plague—again you ly'd.

A thousand times you vow'd and swore,
And fibb'd and flatter'd o'er and o'er;
Though all was vain,
It lull'd my pain:
Come then, and cheat me o'er again.

FOR THE PIC NIC.

"Doctor," said Thomas, as he gently knocked out the ashes of his second pipe; "Doctor," said he, "I like the plan of the

Pic Nic. Those newspapers have too long interrupted the public taste. Their parliamentary debates indeed are interesting, and it is some satisfaction for us country gentlemen to know what is going forward on the great stage. But what else is there in them to interest us? Scandal, false criticisms of nonsensical farces, and bad poetry, are jumbled together, with here and there an anecdote of some dashing prostitute; memoirs of an Old Bailey convict; or the detail of a crim. con. trial; in short, they are full of shreds and patches, and fit for nothing, good doctor, but to turn the heads of our wives and daughters." "Truly, Sir Thomas," said I, "though I have bestowed no small consideration on the subject, I am at a loss to discover why our national character, and our national taste should, in this respect, so little agree." Our national character is great and magnificent," exclaimed the baronet; "Old England is old England still! her fleets ride triumphant over the subject waves; her commerce extends over the world; and her resources seem inexhaustible: when other powers tremble before the foe, she fears not to face him; her people are polished, brave, and loyal; and her country gentlemen are staunch and steady. But pray proceed with the statement of your difficulty." "My difficulty," replied I, "is to account

for the discordance between our national character and our national taste. The former, as you justly observed, is great and energetic: Nothing seems too sublime for its conception, or too gigantic for its execution. In the midst of a bloody and expensive war, when, according to every probable calculation, the nation, already incumbered with a vast debt, must have exhausted every resource; then was the English character seen. As one man, we made an offering of the tenth of our income: millions were poured into the public treasury: loans were negotiated at a rate of interest below that which law and custom allow. When was every principle of loyalty, patriotism, and public virtue, so distinctly brought into action? Is it not strange, therefore, that a people so energetic, so capable of every thing great and magnificent, should so far differ from themselves, as to patronize publications which would have disgraced the most degenerate times of degenerate France?" "I confess, doctor," said Sir Thomas, "your observations have great force, but there always will be idle, foolish people, who will give encouragement to publications that are commensurate with their own faculties and acquirements: but how such a nation as this, collectively, can encourage them, is a matter,

which I confess, passes my comprehension." "Alas!" interrupted I, "the cause lies deeper, I fear, than is generally imagined. There is nothing more fatally true, than that a few determined bad men can do more mischief than thousands of honest men can set right. Nor are we now to learn, that a deep-laid conspiracy has, for some time existed, for the avowed purpose of destroying every principle of public and private justice. To do this effectually, these artful confederates are aware, that their grand point is to corrupt the public mind. Their main opponents are truth and reason. So long as these can be distinctly heard, their doctrines cannot force their way. Against these, therefore, their shafts are levelled. Decked out in meretricious apparel, and adorned with all the tinsel foppery of fashion, modern philosophy now walks forth among us. Capable, like Proteus, of assuming any form which suits her immediate purpose, she lays aside for the present, the more hazardous mode of avowed hostility, and satisfies herself with seducing the imagination of those, who would have turned with disgust from her graver arguments." "If this is the case," said the Baronet, "it seems strange that our rulers should not have taken proper measures to put an end to so alarming an evil." "Pardon me, my worthy friend," said I; "convinced as they may be of the fact,

and anxious, as I have no doubt they are, to prevent its consequences, they are probably aware, that no exertions of government can regulate the public taste. Where that is concerned, we naturally are suspicious, and perhaps a little restive. We are not to be driven, but we may be led; though we may not suffer ourselves to be dictated to, we may be convinced. Besides, what can authority do against such a swarm of ambiguous enemies? Our newspapers and circulating libraries are managed with a degree of caution, which almost sets the law at defiance. There is not one of them that has not its retained counsel, deeply read in matters of libel; and it is now no more unusual for a learned barrister to give his opinion on a hazardous paragraph, than on a disputed title. Such, indeed, is the extent of this corruption, so successfully have these artists perverted the public taste, that even those daily publications which avowedly take the side of good order and good government, are obliged to adopt the weapons which are employed against them. Libel is answered by libel, abuse by abuse, and absurdity by absurdity. Both sides pelt each other, and throw such a quantity of filth, that wise men try to get away as far from them as they can: the mob enjoy the

squabble, and stand staring, while the promoters of the fray pick their pockets." "I agree with you," said my friend; "and yet you will recollect that there was, within these few years, a publication, supposed at least to be patronized by government, which had an excellent effect in bringing back the public taste from the corruption which you so feelingly lament." "There was," replied I, "and would to God, that such a paper as the ANTI JACOBIN had been immortal! False philosophy, and her precursor, false taste, no longer tremble at his rod. Like a bough, bent but not broken, they have risen again with elastic vigour; and, as generally happens in the case of ill-subdued conspiracies, our latter error may be worse than the first." "Though the picture you draw is sufficiently alarming," replied Sir Thomas, "I confess I am not altogether without hope that matters may be still right. The Anti-Jacobin indeed is gone, but we have got the PIC NIC, and that, with good management, may serve our purpose. A new standard is erected, to which we may, if we please, repair; and though I have in my time, thought more than I have talked, and talked more than I have written, I feel almost tempted to lend my hand to the good work. What say you, doctor, to our clubbing our wits, and trying to assist this

same PIC NIC?" "Most readily," replied I, "As members of the great body corporate, Sir Thomas, we share in the national glory or dishonour. It is therefore incumbent on us to contribute what we can to the vindication of the national taste; and I do not hesitate to say, that it is the duty of every man, possessed of talents and leisure, to support a publication founded as this is, on liberal and loyal principles, which has hitherto afforded that sort of rational entertainment, and which every rational person may wish to continue. I therefore cordially enter into your plan, and even will be the scribe on the occasion, if you should prefer it." "Agreed," answered the Baronet, "and let your first communication be an account of our present conversation."

In compliance with this injunction of my worthy patron, I have ventured, Mr. Editor, to trespass upon you with this letter, which I shall now conclude with an assurance of my being

Your hearty well wisher,

OLIVER JONES.

Pentarven-Hall, Merionethshire,
February 16, 1803.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,

The Petition of MARIA MODELY, spinster, sheweth,

That the petitioner having read various directions to ladies, desires to have the opinion of the PIC NIC upon her case.—And first she begs leave to state,

That she has just entered the eighteenth year of her age.

That she has blue eyes and light hair; but her features being sprightly will not become a languish.

That she has tolerable arms and hands; and that she plays upon the piano-forte, the harp, and the lute.

That she dances with spirit and elegance; but is too vain to dance much, for fear of not executing the beats with brilliancy and precision.

That she has not only very pretty feet; but most indisputably very well turned ankles both in her own estimation, and in that of her cousin Henry, who expressed his approbation of them before he last returned to Oxford.

N. B. Henry is a young man of undoubted *taste*, and a great *amateur* of sculpture.

That her cousin Henry being now at the University, she has at present no adviser.

That she wishes to know, as prettily-footed misses are allowed to wear short petticoats whether the neatly turned ankled may not be indulged in the use of somewhat shorter?

Or whether, if shorter drapery cannot be permitted, the bottom of the petticoat may not consist of transparent lace?

She likewise craves advice upon the other circumstances of her case; and particularly wishes to be informed, how much the bosom may palpitate after a country dance, and how much after a reel, and if it ought to rise in the *time* of the dance?

For a solution of this difficulty, she has in vain searched the Spectator; the ingenious authors of it having given rules for the management of the bosom during acts of devotion only.

And your petitioner shall ever pray, &c.

Translations of our Motto.

We have given all the translations received in time, but there is not one, we confess, that has *quite* hit our fancy.

> Cœnabis bene, mî Fabulle, apud me,
> Paucis, si tibi Dî favent, diebus,
> Si tecum attuleris bonam atque magnam.
> Cœnam.
>
> CATUL. Carm. 13.

Fabullus, if you'll sup with me,
I'll treat you like a king,
With ev'ry kind of luxury
That you yourself—shall bring.

So sang Catullus, so say we,
For truth will suit all ages.
We'll give you PIC NICS at your tea,
But you must fill our pages.

If ev'ry guest would be delighted,
Each must send something when invited,
To deck our literary feast.
Then, tho' he scorn our general labour,
He'll own with *candour* to his neighbour,
That we have *one* good dish at least!

Come sup with us, we'll give you what you wish—
If you yourselves will send us in the dish.

To-night we'll give you choicest food,
Such as shall meet your wishes:
But let it, Sirs, be understood,
'Tis you must fill the dishes.

Soon shall you sup, my PIC NIC Friends, with me,
If such a bliss the favouring gods decree!
But to sup well, bring cates with you along,
Plenty and good—no supper, you've no song,

To-morrow night I sup at home;
I pray you share the treat:
But, if you empty-handed come,
You'll not get much to eat.

To see you at supper to-morrow I wish;
But if at my treat,
You are anxious to eat,
Remember, my friend, you must bring your own dish.

My friends to supper I invite;
PIC NIC's the order of the night:
I at the table will preside,
They will the meat and drink provide.

At supper, to-morrow, I look for my friend,
But its quality must on your bounty depend;
To deck out the table I limit my care,
And leave it to you to provide us good fare.

If the Fates are propitious, dear —— believe,
In a very few days, a card you'll receive,
To a supper *chez moi*—provided you bring
Ham, chicken, tongue, wine, and each requisite thing.

MY OWN.

Fabullus, I meant to have *given* a treat,
Where the guests should have furnished the fare;
But the guests have all come, and have drank and have eat,
And have left me the reck'ning to clear.

MY DEAR PIC,

I am off.—I cannot stand your cloudy atmosphere, or the abominable life you all lead. I am hurrying away to Bologna Sausages, Macaroni, Sardinias, Garlic, and Oil, with a cloudless sun, and the liberty of doing

what I like, without being quizzed by the wits, or lampooned by the newspapers. It is really true, that since my arrival in England, what with Argand's lamps, the mobs which are dignified with the name of select societies, and some occasional hard drinking, my poor frame, which was but a meagre one in its best days, is reduced almost to a skeleton. But the most vexatious part of the business is, as I am now assured, that if I had not determined to frequent only good company, which I always found to be stupid and frivolous, I might have found talents, instruction, and rational pleasure:—for example, there is my acquaintance, *Lady Snap-all*, whom you know as well, and perhaps better than I do; she is the pink of fashion, the essence of the ton, receives the whole town, and has the whole town at her feet; but at the same time, is excelled in wickedness only by the devil himself.—Her fine house in—— square, however, is a very *good* one; her petits soupers are *excellent*, and she sees none but the *best* company: while Mrs. Worthy, who lives in Titchfield-street, receives no one but her own particular friends, entertains hospitably, keeps good hours, relieves the distressed, protects the orphan, and consoles the widow, is represented by fashion to live in a very *bad* house, to give *execrable* din-

ners, and to keep the *worst* company. It would really be a most friendly office in any capable man, if he would compose a fashionable dictionary for the use of foreigners; that, on their arrival in London, they might not be led into inconvenience, distress and disappointment, by an ignorance of that perversion of language which prevails in the upper circles of life.

As for the public places, you will say I can be no judge of them; but here I must beg your pardon. I cannot indeed pretend to understand your dramatic writers sufficiently to observe upon them; but it does not require a knowledge of the English language, to determine, that, when theatres are built on so large a scale that you cannot hear the actors, the purity, excellence, and effect of the drama must be lost, and the stage be transferred, from exhibiting nature by the means of dramatic representation, to the genius of the scene painter, and the fascination of the orchestra.

But to come to the Opera, and as it is an offspring of my own country, naturalized in this, I may be supposed to have some knowledge of it: at the same time, I shall prove my candour, by confessing the absurdity of this species of entertainment. Nay, I am

willing to adopt the opinion of one of your satyrists respecting it,

> " An opera, like a pillory, may be said
> To nail the ears down, but expose the head."

It is merely a vehicle for music, and if that is good, and you hear it at your ease, there is no justifiable reason for complaint. But here in London, your performers are very moderate—the stage is intruded upon by the audience—the pit has not a very seducing appearance—and the last time I was there, the gentlemen were muffled up in pelises, while the women, to shame them out of their effeminacy, were in a great measure qualified to perform a part which, according to some of your historians, a patriotic lady represented in the city of Coventry. But this is not all: after having been almost squeezed to death in the house, you risk the being trampled to death in getting out of it. As you pass along, every body's footman but your own, treats you with insolence; and then you have to encounter the confusion of those contests for a few inches of pavement, in which horses and carriages maintain the shock, to the frequent injury and destruction of them both.

The excellence of the English laws is universally acknowledged; but surely the prac-

tice of them does not always deserve the same character: for on my being once accidentally examined as a witness in a court of justice, the counsel, whose object it was to invalidate my testimony, represented me as addicted to assassination, because I was a native of Italy; and on my retorting the crime of calumny upon him, I was taken into custody, for a contempt of court, and it was with great difficulty that I saved myself, by the most humiliating apology, from being committed to prison.

On my return home, I shall certainly employ my pen on the subject of the English government, laws, and manners, and with a success, I trust, at least equal to that of M. de Fievée, who actually discovered, that sedan chairs were invented for the purpose of conveying drunken persons home, from the routs of persons of fashion.

But it is time, my dear Pic, to take leave, and if you should ever visit Italy, where so many fine statues and pictures once *were*, I hope you will come to Padua, where I shall be charmed to receive you, and to make the best return in my power, at Jackelino Villa, for the civilities shewn in Portland-street, to

Your most affectionate friend,

JACKELINO FORRESTERINI.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,

As I am told, that you condescend to receive the correspondence of persons in my class of life, I take the liberty of troubling you with an account of a circumstsnce which had very nearly occasioned me the loss of an excellent place.

I am Butler, Sir, to an elderly gentleman of fortune and fashion, who finds an amusement and recreation in giving dinners to his particular acquaintance, for the sake of enjoying their society: but though his table is plentiful, and covered with every thing the season affords, improved by the skill of an excellent cook, it has nothing of show or parade, for which he has long entertained a most decided aversion. And now, I shall proceed to the event which occasions this intrusion upon you.

About a fortnight ago, a smart young man called to see me,whom, from the change in his appearance, I did not at first recollect to have worn a livery in a family where I once lived. He informed me, that he was in the service of the proprietor of a principal newspaper; and, on my expressing a wish to see him when I had more leisure, as it was one of the

days when my master entertained his friends; he quietly asked me of whom the company was to consist, and I as innocently gave him an account of them. Accordingly the following day it was stated in one of the papers, that Mr. ——— had given a grand dinner, with the names at large of all the party.

My master having been informed of this public account of his entertainment, ordered me instantly into the library, and, in a tone of extreme displeasure, insisted on my discovering who the informer was, or on immediately quitting his service. I did not hesitate a moment to tell him what I have told you, when I received a very severe reproof, accompanied with the assurance, that my dismission would follow any similar publication of his private transactions, whatever they might be.

On remonstrating with my former fellow-servant, respecting his conduct, he excused himself, by saying, that he was employed, at a considerable salary, to collect such intelligence for the paper to which he belonged; that, in general, people of fashion were pleased with the public representation of their entertainments; that many of them even sent their own accounts of them; and, when they wished for particular distinction, and more enlarged recital, they paid handsomely for their insertion.

It is not for me, Sir, to observe upon these things; but you may perhaps think them not altogether unworthy of your attention; and I shall take the liberty of suggesting to you, whether it might not be proper for you to recommend it to the masters of these newspaper collectors to make a distinction between the *vanity* which would be flattered by their paragraphs, and the *good sense* that despises them; and thus, while they gratify the one, to shew a becoming respect to the other.

It cannot be supposed, Sir, that I am qualified to write an address to you: it becomes me, therefore, to acknowledge, that I have obtained, on this occasion, the assistance of a clerical gentleman, who sometimes reads prayers in our family and breakfasts in the housekeeper's room.

I am, Sir, with great respect,
Your most obedient servant,
SAMUEL SIDEBOARD.

SONG.

When scorn was couch'd in Chloe's eye,
I pin'd and drew the pensive sigh;
When Chloe frown'd I sigh'd again,
There was no respite to my pain:
At length, determin'd to be free,
I smil'd—and Chloe sigh'd for me.

ON THE ILLNESS OF LADY M——R.

Not yet—she must not leave us yet—
Spirits like her's must still remain;
And Fashion droops, and Friendship mourns,
Till M——r be herself again.

'Tis Envy's spleen 'gainst sportive wit,
That dims with pain those mirthful eyes;
'Tis in despite to gen'rous worth,
That anguish draws those lab'ring sighs:

'Tis the fell malice of Disease:
Oft has her zeal its threat'nings brav'd;
Her smile beguil'd its fiercest rage,
Her ceaseless care its victim sav'd.

And must affection's weeping train
Still round the couch affrighted stand,
Start at each heaving of the breast,
Each little trembling of the hand?

Ah no! She shall not leave us yet,
Spirits like her's must still remain;
For Fashion, Friendship, Goodness, mourn,
Till M——r be herself again.